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SIXPENCE.

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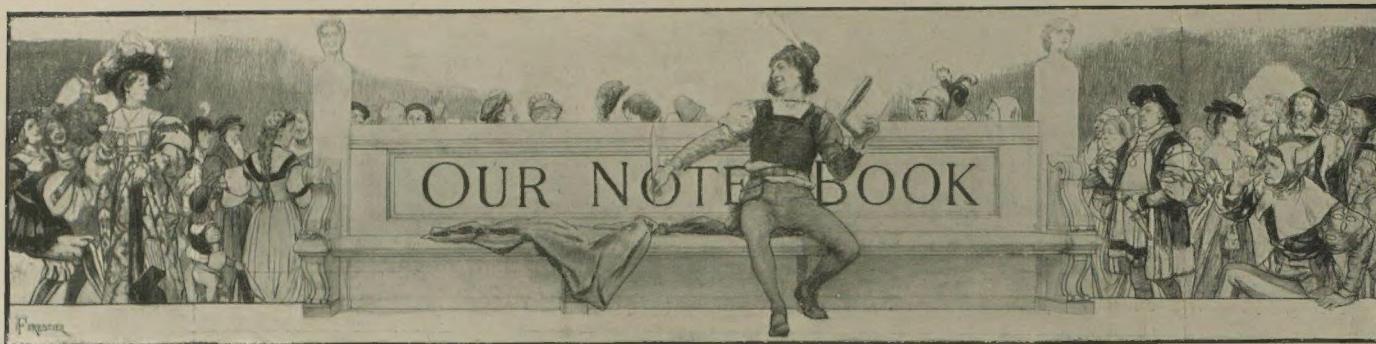


IN A HURRY TO GET AWAY FROM BRITISH SHELL-FIRE: A GERMAN PRISONER RUNNING TOWARDS SAFETY.

Germans are being taken prisoners, not only by our men, but by the soldiers of our Allies, in very considerable numbers; and it is interesting to note that very many of the captives are unwounded. Some idea of numbers may be gained from a recent French official communiqué, which stated that the total number of prisoners taken on

the Somme by the Anglo-French troops between July 1 last, when the present offensive began, and September 18, exceeded 55,800, of whom 34,050 fell into the hands of the French. Later, Sir Douglas Haig reported that between July 1 and September 30 we had taken prisoner 588 officers, and 26,147 other ranks.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

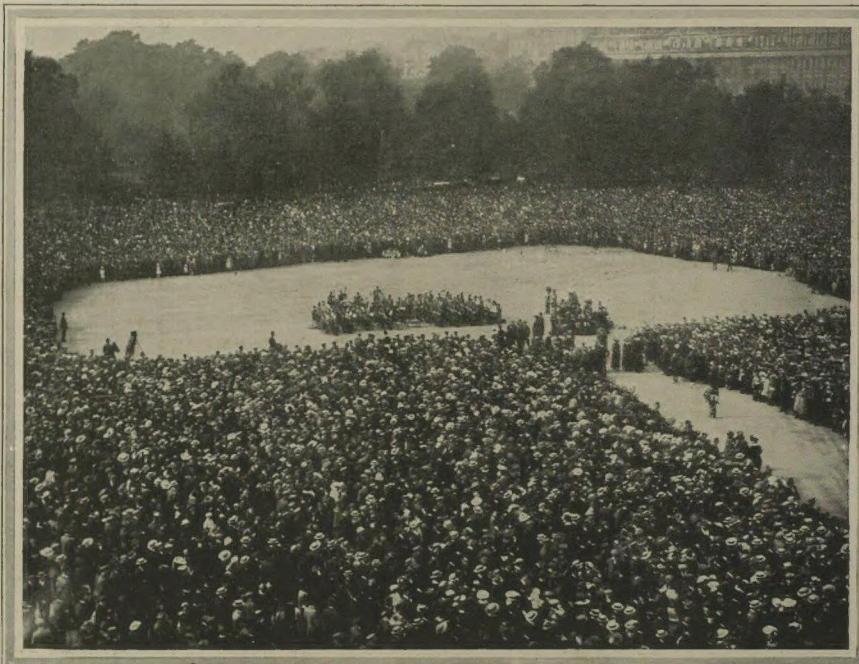
MR. H. G. WELLS has written a book, with the title of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," which is almost avowedly a diary of the war, but a singularly beautiful diary. Indeed, as might be expected, not only Mr. Wells's characteristic perceptions, but even his characteristic doubts, give him an almost divine inspiration in a diary—much more than in a prophecy. It is the virtue of a diary that it is vivid; but it is also in a sense its virtue that it is short-sighted. There was a foolish fashion of classing Mr. Wells, on account of his scientific hobbies, as if he were some metallic and unfeeling instrument, like a forceps or a scalpel. Assuredly, if Mr. Wells is any sort of scientific instrument, he is a barometer. If a barometer could walk about like a human being, we should probably find it a rather touchy human being. But the barometer is excellent evidence that science has a use for sensibility, and, in a sense (with apologies to the barometer), for fickleness. This any lover of Mr. Wells's work could guess; but there is much more than this in "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." There is that profoundly inspiring thing called tragedy. The tragic poet is not trying to break the limitations of time and space like an Anarchist (or an amateur prophet); he is grandly conscious of the limitations, like an artist. There is surely in this book something like an unconscious satire by the Wells who is wide awake to-day on the Wells who had a topsy-turvy dream in which he tried to remember tomorrow. There is surely a noble irony in the superiority of this human document to the book which he published before it, "What Is Coming?"—in which he went back to his old trade of prediction. It is almost startling to note how vague and even weak he is when he is settling the next few centuries on scientific principles, and how virile and vivid he is when he knows not what a day may bring forth. Familiar as he was with the next few decades, he found he knew precious little about the next few days. Personally, I cannot say how much more I admire him when he plunges into the future than when he peers into it. I think much more of Mr. Britling when he sees it through than when he fancies he sees through it. I agree with the realistic Irishman who said he preferred to prophesy after the event. The saying might really be a very good symbol of how politically practical are the Irish as compared with the English. It may be a great bore that the truisms are true; but they are. And, when all is said or prophesied, to ask "What Is Coming?" is to put on eye-glasses to stare into a mill-stone, a mill-stone of which the very thickness and hardness may be in some manner necessary to the grinding of the mills of God. I think Mr. Britling offers the better moral. Whatever is coming, we will see it through.

I make no claim here, however, to review this very vital and very humane story. I only mention it or the name of its author in order to mark down what I conceive to be a somewhat momentous error about the ethics of the international situation. Its appearances in the book about Mr. Britling are comparatively few and far between, and are entangled in quite a

forest of other fascinating or provocative ideas. But, as Mr. Wells has since amplified and reiterated it elsewhere, it is to be presumed that he means it for one of his more permanent and responsible criticisms upon the war. And it seems to me not only erroneous, but perilous. It is not only founded on a false diagnosis of the past, but I think it is likely to prove very deleterious to the health of Mr. Wells's young friend the future. Indeed, it is a good case of the mistake of being in such a flutter about what is coming as to forget altogether what has come already—and come to stay. And that crystallisation of Christendom which we call nationality is one of the things that have come to stay.

The suggestion under discussion is broadly this: that Germany suffers chiefly from an overdose and

individual. A Collectivist does not think that his cows and acres ought to be collected by an official, and everyone else's left as they are. Nor does a Royalist mean a madman who thinks he is the King of England; nor a Pantheist the other kind of madman who thinks he is all the God there is. All such positions imply an appeal to a general rule; and the Nationalist is only a Nationalist if he appeals to a general rule of Nationalism. Nations, like marriages, or like properties, are a class of things accorded a certain recognition by the conscience of our civilisation. One of them cannot logically plead its own rights without pleading the rights of the class. And to say that a nation which disregards frontiers and annexes or destroys neighbours is suffering from an excess of Nationalism is intrinsically nonsensical. We might as well say that a man who runs away with his neighbour's wife is suffering from an excess of reverence for the institution of marriage. We might as consistently maintain that a man who runs away with his neighbour's watch is too arrogant and implacable a protector of the rights of property. Mr. Wells suggests, in an article in the *Daily Chronicle*, that the German disposition to ram sauerkraut down everybody's throat with a bayonet is an extravagance of national feeling. But it is not; it is a deficiency of national feeling—if only in the matter of wasting sauerkraut on people who do not appreciate it. What is the matter with the Germans is not that they think German culture is German culture—a platitude after their own hearts which they might have peacefully enjoyed to the end of the world. It is that they think German culture is culture—that it is the highest product of evolution, and is on a higher platform above an ignorant world. In other words, they think something culture which is only custom.



A BRITISH TRIBUTE TO A GALLANT ALLY: 150,000 LONDONERS GREET THE GARDE REPUBLICAINE BAND AT THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

It was a "Coronation" crowd which gave the fine band of the French Garde Républicaine a splendid welcome at the Horse Guards Parade on Sunday last. The thoroughfares leading to the Horse Guards were as thronged with vehicles as were the roads to Epsom on Derby Day a year or two ago. So dense was the crowd that the inspiring music was practically inaudible to many of them. None the less, the historic visit was a great success, and the public, in honouring the French band, paid a cordial tribute to our great Ally. [Photograph by Topical.]

debauch of national feeling, and that therefore Nationalism, which has thus destroyed our enemies, must be watched with a wary eye even in our friends and in ourselves, as if it were a highly dubious explosive. Mr. Wells, who has explained this view in many places of late, must not be regarded as one of the dull extremists on the other side. He says he agrees with Home Rule; and I cannot suppose him such a lunatic as not to agree with the national reconstruction of Poland, for upon that essential hang all our hopes of the just peace of Europe or (which is much the same thing) of the adequate restraint of Germany. But the point is not whether he admits that Poland and Ireland have been allowed too little national independence. The point is that he thinks that Germany has been allowed too much national independence. He thinks her nationalism is her narrowness. It is this view that I think false in logic, false in history, and highly perilous in practical politics.

It is false in logic, because Nationalism is a generalisation, as is the nature of any "ism." An Individualist, if there ever was such an animal, does not think that he is the only person who can be an

Germans have been the least national of all Europeans. The typical nations, first France, then England, Spain, Scotland, Poland, etc., arose like islands in a sea of barbarism for which Germany was rather a loose allusion than a name. The word Allemagne is said to be derived from what practically means Anybody. If civilised men gave the race any title, it was not so much a definition as an expression of ignorance. We find Germans spoken of in this fashion long after France or England had become nations in the sense in which they are nations now. Often Germans were talked of as if they were German measles—merely one of the perils of life, merely something that happened. And so they were; and they have happened again.

Christendom, with whatever corruptions, was a community of nations recognised as nations, as a city of citizens recognised as citizens. It was because North Germany was outside this national idea, not because she was inside it, that all barriers have been broken and all crimes eclipsed. It was because beyond the sacred frontiers lay chaos—which some call cosmopolitanism.

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GERMANS CAPTURED IN THE BALKANS: SALONIKA PRISONERS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



WITH IDENTIFICATION-LABELS ATTACHED: GERMAN PRISONERS UNDER BRITISH ESCORT.



TYPES OF GERMAN SOLDIERY: PRISONERS TAKEN BY OUR TROOPS IN THE BALKANS, EACH WITH HIS IDENTIFICATION-LABEL.



GUARDED BY BRITISH BAYONETS: A PARTY OF GERMAN PRISONERS CAPTURED BY OUR ARMY ON THE BALKAN FRONT ON THEIR WAY, UNDER ESCORT, TO SALONIKA.



A DECORATED N.C.O. AMONG THE PRISONERS: A GERMAN SERGEANT-MAJOR WHO WAS WEARING THE IRON CROSS.



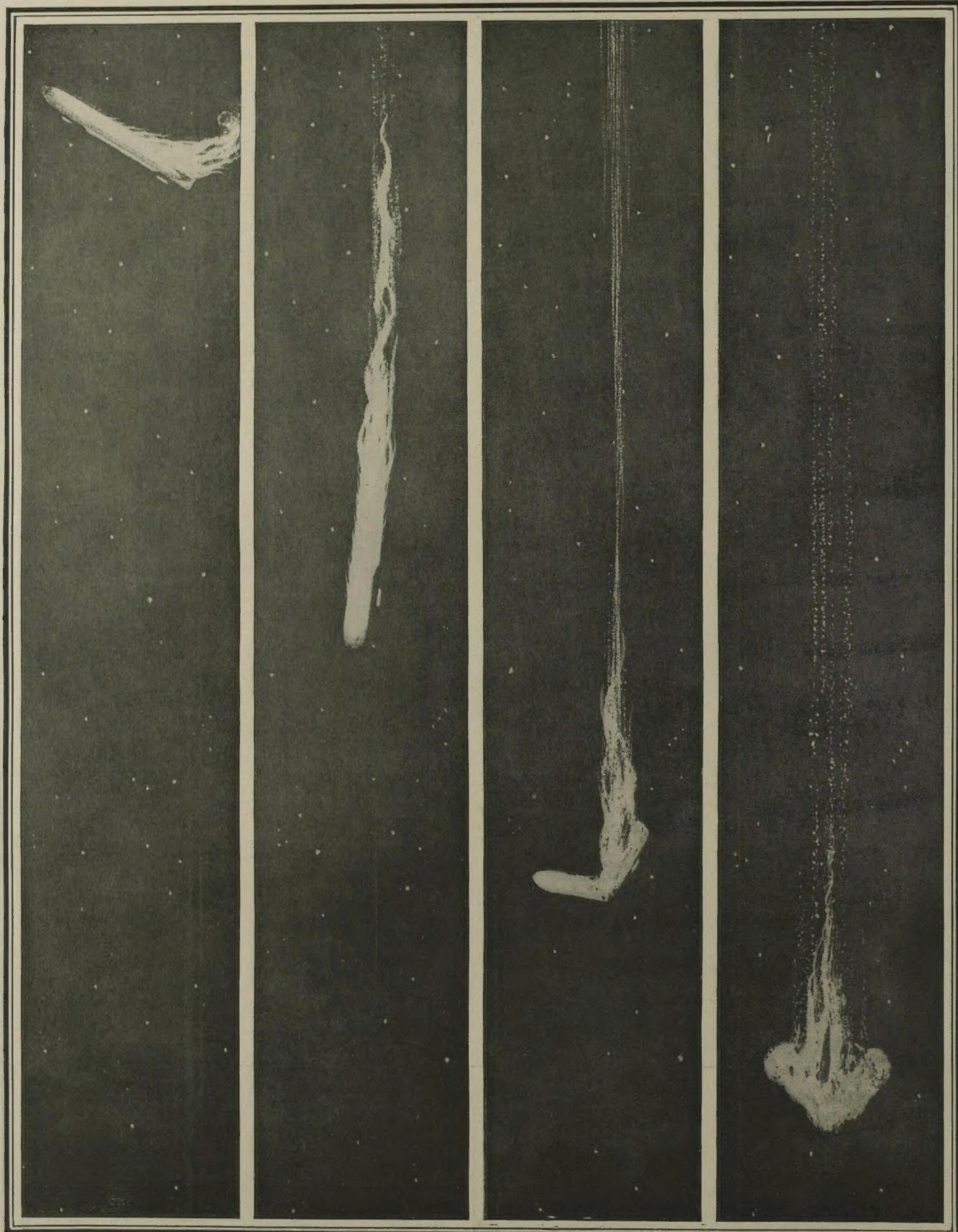
WELL TREATED AND ALLOWED TO SMOKE: GERMAN PRISONERS, TAKEN BY THE BRITISH IN THE BALKANS, ENTRAINED.

As our photographs show, the prisoners taken by the British forces in the Balkans include a number of Germans. Where and when these particular prisoners were taken is not stated, but in this connection we may recall that our troops have also captured a number of Bulgarians. An official despatch, published on October 3, from the General Officer Commanding the British Forces at Salonika stated: "The portions of the Bulgarian line on the Struma front which we captured on September 30 include the villages of Karazakoi-

Bala and Karazakoi-Zir. Repeated enemy counter-attacks against these places were entirely unsuccessful and were beaten off with heavy loss. All the ground won has now been consolidated, and there is no sign of the enemy for some distance in front of our trenches. In addition to the heavy casualties inflicted on the enemy, the number of prisoners taken has increased to 250, while our own casualties are comparatively small. Three machine-guns have been captured."

THE ZEPPELIN FALLING AT POTTER'S BAR: AN EYE-WITNESS'S VERSION.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



FROM THE OUTBREAK OF THE FIRE UNTIL SHE BROKE IN TWO AND CAME TO EARTH IN A MASS OF FLAME:
FOUR STAGES IN THE DESCENT OF THE ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN AT POTTER'S BAR.

The fall of the flaming Zeppelin brought down during the raid on the night of October 1-2 was a wonderful and awe-inspiring spectacle. These drawings represent the impressions of an eye-witness during the three or four minutes of the descent. The first shows fire breaking out at one end; in the second, the airship is seen diving almost vertically, downward, with flames pouring from the upper end; in the third the Zeppelin is resuming a horizontal position; in the fourth the flames have obtained a hold at the other end as well, and the airship breaks in two and so falls to earth doubled up in one huge

mass of flame. Among many descriptions of the scene, one, by Mr. Hugh Martin, is particularly vivid. "All the country for twenty miles round," he writes, "was lit up by that implacable glare—such a glare one thinks as Satan cast from Heaven must have made in the mind's eye of a poet. As the great ship fell fragments were torn from her, to hang in the air for some moments, and then follow her to earth in a hail of golden dust. She gyrated slowly, . . . leaning more and more over till she must have been almost vertical with the zenith."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

RISKY ENEMY TACTICS: AIR-CRAFT AND WATER-CRAFT TOGETHER.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



ZEPPELIN RAIDERS ACCCOMPANIED BY SUBMARINES: A NEW—AND UNSUCCESSFUL—GERMAN PLAN.

Sending us this drawing, Mr. Charles Pears notes: "Zeppelin raiders, accompanied by submarines. The raiders have been beaten off so frequently by the British Navy before they could reach the coast that Germany is reverting to the very risky business of sending submarines to fire at the points of the searchlights of our defenders. For there at each

point, she knows there is a ship, though the 'U' boat cannot see it. As, to do this, the 'U' boat must work upon the surface, she is easily seen against the illuminated sky. Doubtless, by the use of a simple formula, a lurking destroyer would soon settle the question, to the undoing of the submarine."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

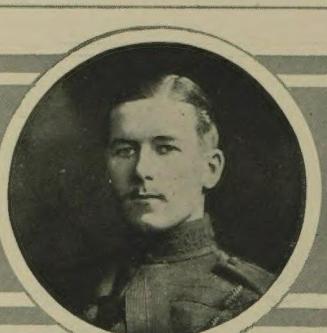
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, SARONY, SWAINE, PAUL LAIB, ELLIOTT AND FRY, WALTER BARNETT, VANDYK, PHOTOPRESS, BROOKE HUGHES, CLAUDE HARRIS, TEAR, DEBENHAM, AND BASSANO.



LIEUT-COLONEL A. P. HAMILTON,
Queen's Regt. (Commanding Batt., London
Regt.). Son of late Major P. J. P. Hamilton,
Brendon, Winchester.



LIEUT-COL. JAMES
MORTIMER, C.M.G.,
Yorkshire Regt. Son of late
Mrs. Mortimer, Driffield.



MAJOR T. M. D. BAILIE,
Irish Guards. Son of Major-
General and Mrs. Bailie.
Caldecott House, Abingdon.



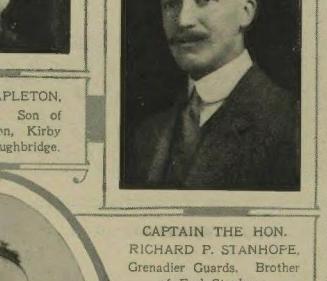
MAJOR G. CHARLES DICKENS,
London Regt. Son of Mr. Henry Fielding
Dickens, K.C., and Mrs. Dickens, Mulberry
Walk, Chelsea.



MAJOR MONTAGU I. M. CAMPBELL,
Connaught Rangers. Son of Mr. Robert M.
Campbell, of Auchmannock, Ayr. Served
with distinction in S. Africa.



CAPT. H. STAPLETON,
Hampshire Regt. Son of
Rev. H. Stapleton, Kirby
Hill Vicarage, Boroughbridge.



CAPTAIN THE HON.
RICHARD P. STANHOPE,
Grenadier Guards. Brother
of Earl Stanhope.



MAJOR W. NEVILLE PITTS,
Lincolnshire Regt. Son of Col. William Pitt,
R.E. (retired) and Mrs. Pitt, Wrotham.
Fought in S. Africa, King's medal.



LIEUT-COLONEL ERIC WILLIAM BENSON,
King's Royal Rifle Corps. Only son of Sir
Frank Benson, the famous actor, and Lady
Benson.



2ND LT. R. W. L. CRAWFORD,
R.F.A. Son of Mr. Frederick
L. Crawford, Canadian Bank
of Commerce, Victoria.



LTCOL. A. F. TOWNSHEND,
Scottish Rifles. Son of late
Lt-Col. H. F. T. Townshend,
of Castle Townshend.



TEMP-LIEUT. MAURICE
CHRISTIE-MURRAY, M.C.,
Son of late David Christie-
Murray, the novelist.



LIEUT-COLONEL F. SHAKESPEARE
PEARSON, LL.B.,
Army Service Corps. Only son of Mr.
Howard S. Pearson.



MAJOR HARRY H. BROMFIELD,
D.S.O.,
Welsh Guards. Fought with distinction in
S. African War.



2ND LIEUT. OLLEYETT
MENDS-GIBSON,
R.F.A. Younger son of Mr.
and Mrs. Henry Mends-Gibson.



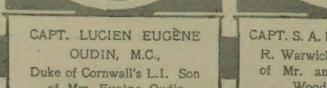
CAPTAIN
ERIC NOEL PLAYER,
Yorkshire Regt. Killed while
gallantly leading his men.



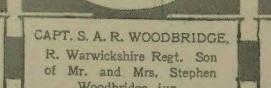
CAPT. E. G. COOPER,
King's African Rifles, and
King's Liverpool Regt. Son
of Mr. Samuel Cooper.



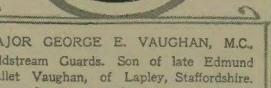
CAPT. F. T. BURROUGH,
King's Shropshire L.I. Son
of Mrs. Burrough, Weston-
super-Mare.



CAPT. LUCIEN EUGÈNE
OUDIN, M.C.,
Duke of Cornwall's L.I. Son
of Mrs. Eugène Oudin.



CAPT. S. A. R. WOODBRIDGE,
R. Warwickshire Regt. Son
of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen
Woodbridge, Jun.



MAJOR GEORGE E. VAUGHAN, M.C.,
Coldstream Guards. Son of late Edmund
Mallet Vaughan, of Lapley, Staffordshire.
Fought throughout the war.

LARGER THAN FRANCE: NOW UNDER FRENCH RULE: CAMEROON.



CAMEROON CHIEFS HONOUR A FRENCH COMMANDER: THE FAREWELL TO COLONEL BRISSET AT GARUA ON JUNE 2.



RULER OF A TRIBE OF FINE TYPE IN CAMEROON: THE CHIEF OF SAME, IN THE WOUTÉ COUNTRY.



CAMEROON SHIELD-BEARERS AND MEN-AT-ARMS, WITH MEDIEVAL ACCOUTREMENTS: THE ESCORT OF REY BOUBA, THE MOST POWERFUL NATIVE RULER IN CAMEROON AND ONE OF THE BEST SUPPORTERS OF FRANCE.

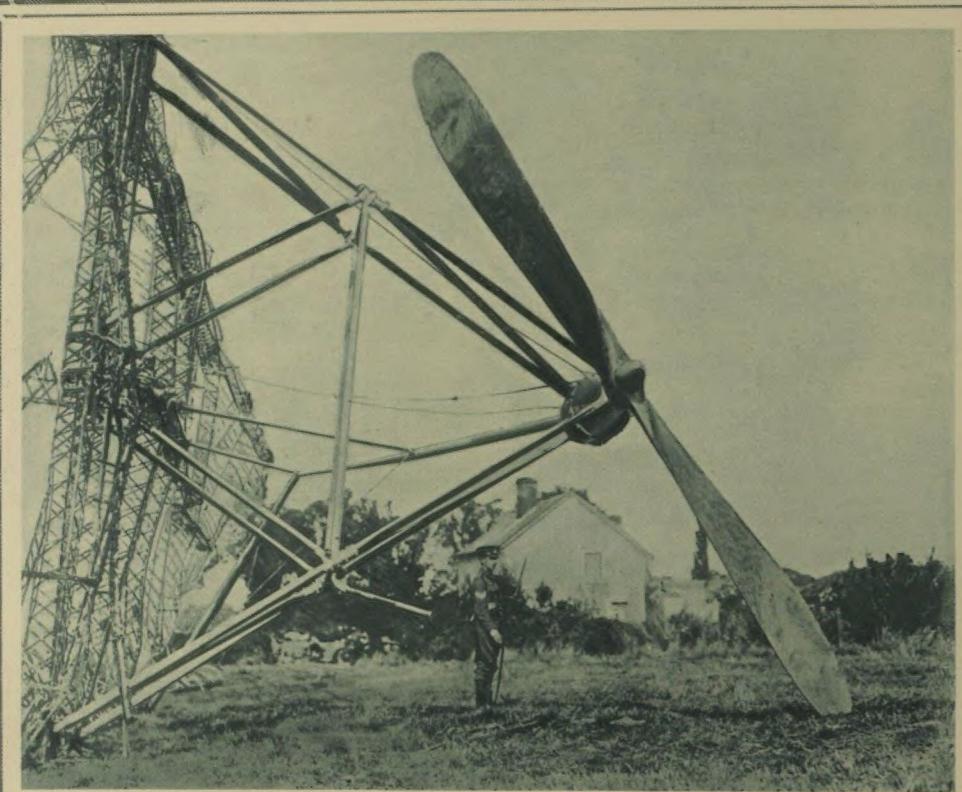
The Franco-British victory over the Germans in Cameroon was welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm by the native chiefs and their people, who had suffered much from German tyranny. "It is now some six months," says a French writer, M. Gustave Babin, "since the conquest of Cameroon was achieved, and a Franco-British agreement concluded in London left to us the provisional administration of the greater part of the country. . . . The area of French Cameroon is larger than that of France. . . . What all the different populations of the country have had in common during the twenty months of the

Anglo-French campaign . . . is a profound hatred of Germany and an ardent sympathy with the Allies. . . . They know that we administer with a kindness and paternal familiarity that has more than once surprised our Allies themselves. . . . When Colonel Brisset, returning to France, left Garua on June 2, 1916, the splendour of the farewells made to him by the population surpassed all expectation. Rey Bouba alone brought with him 5000 people, splendid horses, archers, lancers, and warriors arrayed in armour of the Middle Ages, passed down from father to son."

THE SECOND OF FOUR ZEPPELINS BROUGHT DOWN WITHIN

OFFICIAL

PHOTOGRAPHS.



ITS GREAT SIZE INDICATED BY THE SENTRY: ONE OF THE HUGE PROPELLERS OF THE SECOND OF THE FOUR ZEPPELINS BROUGHT DOWN IN ENGLAND WITHIN A MONTH.



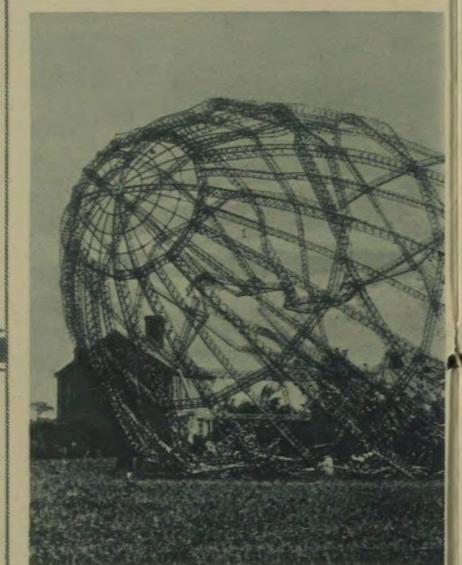
PART OF THE RUINS OF THE ZEPPELIN: WRECKAGE OF THE SECOND OF THE DIRIGIBLES DESTROYED ON SEPTEMBER 23-24.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DESTROYED



ZEPPELIN—A MERE SKELETON.



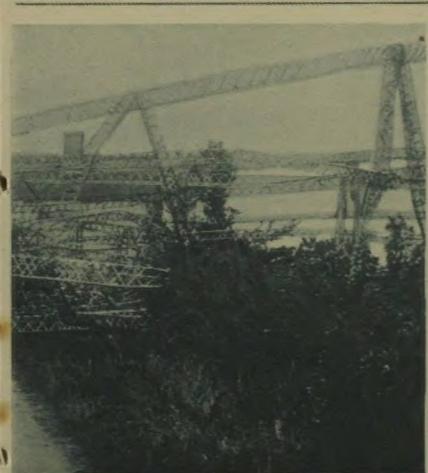
SHOWING THE COTTAGE BY WHICH THE ENEMY OF THE



DIRIGIBLE FELL: THE TANGLED FRAMEWORK ZEPPELIN.



BARRING THE WAY: PART OF THE FRAMEWORK



OF THE WRECKED ZEPPELIN SPANNING A ROAD.



PART OF THE WRECKAGE OF THE ZEPPELIN—ONE OF GERMANY'S NEWEST AND BIGGEST: A GONDOLA.



WHEN THE WRECKAGE WAS BEING EXAMINED BY BRITISH EXPERTS: A GONDOLA.

With regard to the two Zeppelins brought down in Essex as a result of the raid of September 23-24, it will be recalled that the earliest official report said: "One airship was brought down in flames in the southern part of Essex, and reports have been received that another fell on the Essex coast." A subsequent report said: "An attack on London was carried out by two airships from the south-east between one and two a.m., and by one airship from the east between twelve and one a.m. Aeroplanes were sent up and fire was opened from the anti-aircraft gun defences, the raiders being driven off. . . . Two of the raiders were brought down in Essex. They were both large airships of a new pattern. One of the raiders fell in flames, and was destroyed together with the crew. The crew of twenty-two officers and men of the second were captured." In our last issue we were able to illustrate the wreckage of

the first of the two Zeppelins mentioned. Here we are able to deal with the second. There was a further raid on the night of October 1-2, when ten hostile airships crossed the East Coast. Two of these attempted to attack London. One of them was driven off. The other, attacked by guns and aeroplanes, was brought to earth in flames in the neighbourhood of Potter's Bar, shortly before midnight. She was of the latest type. The other airships wandered aimlessly over the Eastern Counties and Lincolnshire. The last-mentioned Zeppelin made the fourth destroyed in this country within a month. The first, of course, was that brought down by Lieutenant Robinson, V.C., on September 2, at Cuffley. Relics of this one were placed on exhibition in the City. Large quantities of wire from another have been cut up and made into souvenirs for sale on behalf of the Red Cross.

THE GREAT BRITISH ADVANCE: "THEY WENT FORWARD GRANDLY."

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE OPENING OF THE GREAT BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 25: WAVES OF BRITISH INFANTRY GOING UP TO THE ATTACK.



SPREADING OUT TO MINIMISE THE EFFECT OF GERMAN SHELL-FIRE: BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK ON SEPTEMBER 25.



SUPPORTS MOVING UP ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 25: BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCING TO REINFORCE THEIR COMRADES ALREADY IN ACTION

On September 25, as mentioned elsewhere, the British Army began a new and victorious stage of the great advance. Describing the opening phases of the battle, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "On the right the attack depended upon getting a short line of trench in order to make a right defensive flank. . . . The two trenches were attacked by a body of troops already sorely tried by great and successful achievements elsewhere. They were tired in body, but their spirit was alert and keen, and they went forward grandly,

with great impetus taking what they had first set out to take. . . . North of them another body of men stood fast until those on their right had come into line, and then advanced upon Morval. Again, further north, our men went away to Lesboeufs, having to cross a trench and two sunken roads on the way to the village. The whole of these operations were carried out with the greatest success, and without heavy casualties, I am told, except at one point where machine-guns . . . caused a temporary check."

THE GREAT BRITISH ADVANCE: CARRYING OUT AN ATTACK.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



A SHELL-BURST AMONG ADVANCING BRITISH INFANTRY: OUR GALLANT TROOPS GOING FORWARD UNDER FIRE DURING THE RENEWED OFFENSIVE.



BRITISH TROOPS SWEEPING ONWARD TO VICTORY: A VIEW FROM THE REAR OF OUR ATTACK SHOWING MEN ADVANCING OVER THE CREST OF A HILL.

In the light of these photographs, the upper one of which, it will be seen, was taken just as a German shell was bursting among some of the advancing British infantry, it is easy to understand the praise given to them in Sir Douglas Haig's despatch of September 26, the day after a big step forward in our offensive began. "The battle," he says, "has continued violently during to-day over the whole front between the Somme and the Ancre. Our troops have been successful everywhere, carrying out their attacks most brilliantly. . . .

During the past forty-eight hours between 3000 and 4000 prisoners have been taken. On our right French and British troops have jointly occupied Combles as a result of the capture of Frélicourt and Morval. . . . In our centre we have stormed the fortified village of Gueudecourt and driven the Germans back in disorder. On our left we have captured Thiepval and the high ridge east of it, including the Zollern Redoubt. . . . The successes gained during the last two days may be regarded as of very considerable importance."

THE BRITISH ADVANCE: THE MORNING OF THE EVENTFUL SEPTEMBER 25.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



MEN OF "ENDURING VALOUR": BRITISH TROOPS CLIMBING OVER THEIR PARAPETS AND OTHERS (IN THE BACKGROUND) GOING AHEAD, ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE BEFORE MORVAL.



RESERVES MOVING UP ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 25: MEN LEAVING THEIR TRENCHES—
ONE (IN THE CENTRE) WITH A STRETCHER OVER HIS SHOULDER.

On September 25, the anniversary of the Battle of Loos, the British Army began another big step forward in the Western offensive, capturing Morval, Combles, and other strong German positions. Once more, like July 1, it was "a good day for England and France." Writing from the British Headquarters on the evening of September 25, Mr. Philip Gibbs says of the successes obtained: "Coming after nearly three months of incessant battle on the grand scale, it is an achievement which proves utterly not only

the terrible weapon we have forged in building up our armies in the field, and the reserves of strength we can now draw upon, but the enduring valour of our men . . . Some of our new reserves filling up the gaps made in the older ranks were fighting there also, under shell-fire of the Somme kind for the first time." The new troops, too, fought splendidly. "Along the line of Morval and Les Boeufs our men went through the curtain fire and the trenches and the villages in a rapid, irresistible assault."

THE BRITISH ADVANCE: COLLECTING WOUNDED UNDER FIRE.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



WITH A GREAT SHELL BURSTING NEAR THEM: A STRETCHER SQUAD ON NO MAN'S LAND PICKING UP A WOUNDED MAN; AND ANOTHER (COMPOSED OF GERMAN PRISONERS) BRINGING IN ANOTHER STRETCHER CASE.

The task of the stretcher-bearers, whose work it is to collect the wounded during a battle, is extremely perilous and is performed with the utmost devotion. They have to brave the dangers of the enemy's barrage fire which falls behind our attacking troops to hinder the advance of reinforcements. In this photograph a big shell is seen bursting close to a stretcher squad engaged in picking up a wounded man, the huge smoke-cloud looking like nothing so much as a weird picture of a genie or a spirit in an "Arabian

Nights" story. The other squad to the right, who have already taken up another wounded man and are bearing him back towards a dressing-station, is composed, it may be noted, of German prisoners, many of whom are employed in emergency to help in this work. They are usually glad to do it, being thankful to have so far escaped with their lives; but it sometimes happens that German prisoners are killed by shells from their own guns before they can reach the security of our prison-camps.

"LIKE A HUMAN AVALANCHE": A FURIOUS CHARGE OF IRISH TROOPS AT THE TAKING OF GUILLEMONT.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTER, FROM A SKETCH.



"BAYONET, BUTT, AND FIST WERE FREELY USED": THE CAPTURE OF GUILLEMONT BY IRISH TROOPS—WHERE RESISTANCE CENTRED ROUND A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN.

"The Irish regiments which took part in the capture of Guillemont," said an official despatch, "behaved with the greatest dash and gallantry and took no small share in the success gained that day." Describing the particular assault here illustrated, the author of the sketch from which our drawing was made writes: "At one place in the defence line which had escaped to some extent the general destruction, a party of Bavarians held up the advance with a machine-gun, which was at the last moment hauled up from some dug-out and placed on the parapet. But a company of Irish, tall, swarthy men, rushed the position with a yell, bayoneted the machine-guns, and captured them up from some dug-out and placed on the parapet. But a company of Irish, tall, swarthy men, rushed the position with a yell, bayoneted the machine-guns, and captured them. One of the German officers wounded two and killed one man with his

bayonet before he was overpowered. Four officers were found in this short length of trench, which may account for the tough fight put up by the enemy. One Irish lance-corporal bayoneted three men in rapid succession and remained himself untouched. The German barrage then opened, and entrenching tools had to be taken to the place of more dangerous weapons." Mr. Philip Gibbs writes of the Irish at Guillemont: "Their charge through Guillemont . . . was one of the most astonishing feats in the war . . . They went forward with their pipes playing them on, in a wild and irresistible assault . . . The English troops who fought with them tell me that they have never seen anything like the way in which these Irishmen dashed ahead. 'It was like a human avalanche.'"—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE GREAT BRITISH ADVANCE: A WRECKED VILLAGE;

OFFICIAL



"TERRIBLY BATTERED": A STREET IN MORVAL, CAPTURED BY OUR TROOPS ON SEPTEMBER 25, AFTER A HEAVY BOMBARDMENT.



WHERE GERMAN BATTALIONS "WERE CRUSHED TO MORVAL—A GENERAL



AWAITING THE FATEFUL MOMENT: BRITISH INFANTRY IN THEIR TRENCHES ALL READY TO LEAP OUT ON THE SIGNAL TO ADVANCE.



GOING UP TO WIRE OUR NEWLY WON GROUND: MEN CARRYING "CORKSCREW" ENDS TO

BOMBERS; INFANTRY; WIRE-FIXERS; A GERMAN DUG-OUT.

PHOTOGRAPHS



POWDER IN THE MORTAR OF PITILESS SHELLING":
VIEW OF THE VILLAGE.



A BOMBING PARTY OFF TO THE ATTACK: BRITISH TROOPS ARMED WITH BOMBS CROSSING A TRENCH-BRIDGE.



METAL POSTS FOR BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS, WITH FIX IN THE GROUND.



THE ENTRANCE TO A CAPTURED GERMAN DUG-OUT: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE MORE ELABORATE KIND OF STAIRCASE LEADING TO DEEP UNDERGROUND SHELTERS.

The great British advance continues step by step, and every day fresh names of captured positions appear in the official despatches. Thus, one of October 1 stated: "The village of Eaucourt l'Abbaye is reported to be in our hands. . . . The village of Traineloy was effectively bombarded by our artillery and an ammunition dump blown up." The results of a heavy bombardment on a village are vividly shown in two of the above photographs taken at Morval. "When our troops yesterday (September 25) took their three forward bounds," writes Mr. W. Beach Thomas, "the enemy gave in all at once. He ran out of Morval like a bolted rabbit, and it was scarcely strange. He had been terribly battered first. Battalions were crushed to powder in the mortar of pitiless shelling. We had the best of observation and the enemy had lost his deep shelters. Some particular regiments we know to have been quite annihilated as fighting forces, especially the 236th, 237th, and 238th Baden battalions. . . . During the whole war no more effective shell-fire has been

known from our side." As regards the lower photograph on the right, we quote the following from an authoritative account of German trench-shelters published recently in the Press: "A flight of from 12 to 36 stairs leads down at an easy angle. The treads of the stairs and the descending roof of the staircase are formed of mining frames of stout timber, with double-top sills; the walls are of thick planks notched at the top and bottom to fit the frames and strengthened with iron tie-rods running from top to bottom of the stairs and with thick wooden struts at right angles to these. At the foot of the stairs a tunnelled corridor runs straight forward, for anything up to fifty yards, and from it open rooms and minor passages on each side. In many dug-outs a second staircase, or two staircases, lead to a lower floor which may be 30 ft. or 40 ft. below the trench level. All these staircases, passages, and rooms are, in the best specimen, completely lined with wood."

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.



REPUTED AUTHOR OF FIVE PAPYRUS WORKS, GENA, THE ALADDIN ALLEGED.



PUBLISHING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIANS' BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY BURNED BY ORDER OF DO哥LETIAN.



AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA TREATISE ON MEDICINE, RHABES, THE ARABIAN PHYSICIAN.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A MEMORABLE HOLIDAY.

AFTER having decided that this year, for me, there could be no holiday, I suddenly found myself transported to the little village of Charmouth, tucked away in a valley in the south-westernmost corner of Dorset, and amid scenery indescribably beautiful. Here, surely, one must come to realise fully the meaning of the terms "hill and dale." From my window, as I write, I can feast my eyes on "Cain's Folly," just under 500 ft. high; and beyond that rises Chardown Hill to a height of 600 ft. The former is capped with a magnificent cluster of pines, and the seaward face of the hill forms a precipice dropping sheer down to the sea.

Not a little of the charm of the landscape is due to the fact that the land is almost all under pasture; a corn-field or a turnip-field arrests the attention at once. Thus the eye falls only upon delicious and restful carpets of green, varying in tint according as one looks upon meadows, or woods, or tracts of bracken and heather which in places remind one of the moors of Scotland. The absence of arable land is due partly to the rainfall and partly to the character of the country, the steepness of the hills forbidding the use of the plough. Time and again, I am told, adventurous farmers have attempted to grow corn; but the results are not encouraging, the average yield, taking one year with another, amounting to no more than forty bushels to the acre.

Naturally fond of the sea, I have spent the greater part of my stay here on the narrow beach which fringes the base of the cliffs. But I have been tempted

a Roman encampment, though somehow it has suffered much by erosion. One of the photographs herewith reproduced will afford at least a faint

wide was the belt that they remain standing to this day.

On a smaller scale such landslips are vividly presented along the cliffs stretching between Charmouth and Lyme Regis on the one hand, and Charmouth and West Bay on the other. Here the cliffs are of Lias limestone, and not of chalk, as at Dowlands; but in both cases they rest on water-resisting foundations sloping seawards. The stretch of cliffs running east from Charmouth to the commanding heights of Golden Cap I have examined very carefully. Here three distinct subsidences can plainly be seen. Each presents a flat top and a precipitous seaward face. Much has fallen recently, since, on the talus at the base of the cliff, scarcely a green leaf has appeared to mask the desolation which these untoward happenings have caused. Near Charmouth the cliffs form a gentle slope covered with short grass, and beds of reeds such as one meets with in profusion on the Norfolk Broads. Their presence here was a great surprise to me, but it was accounted for when I came to explore the ground, for I found it permeated with springs, which further along pour down a constant stream of water in a series of tiny cascades from the very top of the cliffs 400 ft. from the beach. In one case they terminate in a clear pool producing a most luxuriant growth of watercress.

Much of the cliff is composed of Lower and Middle Lias marls, with bands of nodules containing a rich fauna of ammonites, and molluscs of various kinds, as well as encrinites, fish, and saurians. Splitting open such nodules for the treasure they contain has afforded me immense pleasure, and no less delightful



ON GEOLOGY INTENT IN DORSET: NEARING THE TOP OF LIMESTONE CLIFFS

idea of the splendour of the view from the ramparts overlooking the fosse on the east side.

Whenever one stands on such vantage points the question inevitably arises—What were the factors which carved out these valleys, running, for the most part, north and south. Water has undoubtedly accounted for most, but subsidences have apparently also played their part, and these on no small scale. On the coast, landslips on a grand scale have from time immemorial been tossing Dorset into the sea; and not only Dorset, but the neighbouring county of Devonshire. The most impressive illustration of this is to be found at Dowlands, within a morning's walk from Charmouth. Here

wide has slipped down towards the beach, carrying great trees and even houses with it. So



WHERE ROMAN SENTRY SURVEYED FIVE ENGLISH COUNTIES: THE VIEW ACROSS THE FOSSE FROM THE ANCIENT CAMP ON PILSDON PEN.



CAPPED WITH A MAGNIFICENT CLUSTER OF PINES": CAIN'S FOLLY, SHOWING THE FACE OF THE CLIFF.

inland more than once. On the last occasion I made my way to the top of Pilsdon Pen, the highest hill in Dorset, and standing 900 ft. I was tempted to make the climb for the sake of the view from the top. But I found more than I had hoped for, since, as soon as the summit had been gained, I found that I was standing on the ramparts of an old Roman encampment, and this, too, in an extraordinarily perfect state of preservation. The fosse on each side is as deep and well defined as in the days when Caesar's legions mounted guard there. At a guess, some 50 ft. wide and 20 ft. deep, its sloping sides are now clothed with a luxuriant growth of heather and gorse, which at the time of my visit were in full bloom, lending it a beauty it could hardly have possessed in those far-off days. The sites of the four gateways were no less clearly discernible, as also was the main ascent. From this vantage point the sentries could overlook no fewer than five counties. A mile or two away to the south-west stands Lambert's Castle Hill (842 ft.), affording a scarcely less impressive outlook over sea and land. This also was

it to walk along the beach and pick up ammonites which the beating of the waves has washed out of the matrix in which they were imbedded. Many of these have been torn from the very top of the cliff, and would else have been out of my reach.

Periodically the tides are very low, and then are exposed reefs of limestone, greasy and difficult to walk on, but well repaying the effort; for here and there one comes across patches of ammonites lying one on another. But, alas! only impressions remain, which can be raised only with the most extreme care, for the rock is so soft that it can be cut like cheese. These reefs make it clear that the great bay between Lyme Regis and Golden Cap has been made by this process of erosion—the slipping of the land seawards, and its disintegration and distribution by the action of the waves.



WHERE LANDSLIPS HAVE LONG BEEN "TOSSING DORSET INTO THE SEA": A SECTION OF CLIFF, SHOWING A BAND OF LIMESTONE.

To my great regret, my description of this aspect of a most delightful holiday must cease here, but I hope to return to the subject by and by.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

What is Motor Spirit? It is to be hoped that the present state of uncertainty regarding the definition of motor spirit under the petrol-restriction orders will not prevail much longer. The position can hardly be regarded as satisfactory from the

interpretation to be placed upon it, assuming the intention to be as indicated.

Probably Not the Intention.

This interpretation have been initiated

To my mind, although there has, up to the time of writing, been no official pronouncement, those who have placed upon the fact that certain prosecutions for breaches of the orders are wide of the mark. These prosecutions have been for using petrol in running charabanc services—which is a distinct offence against the orders, if it is proved. The defence raised has been that "substitutes" were being used. In some of the cases at least the Courts were not satisfied, and convicted. Into the merits of these I cannot enter, notice of appeal having been given, which renders them still *sub judice*. It has been too readily assumed that all motor fuels were to be forbidden to the motorist when used in excess of the quantity of petrol allowed. There is, I think, every reason to believe that the contrary is the case. In the first place, there has resulted from the restrictions an enormous amount of experiment directed towards the discovery of an alternative fuel to petrol. Now, the latter cannot be produced in this country, and clearly it would be tremendously to the national advantage could such an alternative be discovered. Equally, we

should expect the Government to encourage research rather than to damp it out by interpreting the orders in the manner indicated. I cannot myself see the authorities doing anything so short-sighted. But we should all like something authoritative on the subject.

Petrol Substitutes : a Warning.

A point that should not be overlooked when using any of the substitutes or mixed fuels is that of their possible effect on the lubrication of the motor. In a good many cases it will be found that combustion of the charge is not perfect, and that, while a proportion of the unburnt

residue will be blown out through the exhaust-valves, some will find its way past the piston-rings and down into the oil-sump. A mixture of, for example, oil and

paraffin is not by any means the ideal lubricant for bearings and cylinder-walls—in fact, it is most distinctly dangerous, and may conceivably result in serious damage being done. Messrs. C. C. Wakefield inform me that they have recently carried out a road test of 200 miles with a view to the discovery of the best lubricant for use with mixed fuels. The test was carried out on a Dodge car, and Messrs. Wakefield say they will be very pleased to advise owners of American cars in the matter of their lubrication, if they will state the proportion of substitute they employ. A similar test is now being undertaken with a car of British make.

Electric Cars. Surprise has been expressed that one result of the war on motor traction which was confidently expected has not materialised. I refer to the opinion expressed in certain quarters, in the early days of the war, that the difficulties which could be foreseen in connection with our supply of petrol would lead to a sort of boom in the hitherto neglected electric vehicle. So far as it is possible to discern, the electric car has not made the slightest headway during the past two years. I am curious to learn how this is to be



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point of view of either the motorist or the authorities who are called upon to administer the regulations. Clearly, the intention of the restrictive order is to limit the consumption of petrol by private users—using the term private to differentiate between Government and civilian service, so as to include commercial as well as pleasure users. The restriction was an eminently wise move. If any criticism can be passed, it is simply that the decision came a little late. But now the question has arisen as to whether or not the restrictions are meant to apply, not to petrol alone, but to practically any form of fuel containing hydrocarbons. If it should be held that this is the case, then it will mean a very serious thing for the transport interest of the country, since all the partly-petrol mixtures and the "substitutes" will come under the ban. That, I take it, would mean that if, for example, my official allowance of Petrol is four gallons per month, and I am making it into eight gallons by adding another four of paraffin or some other hydrocarbon, I am in future only to be allowed four gallons of mixed fuel. That seems to be the logical inter-



IN THE BOMBAY BAZAAR: A "SUNBEAM" IN THE EAST.

Our photograph is an interesting example of how East and West do meet. It was taken in the heart of the Bombay Bazaar, a centre of Indian trade, and shows a 16-h.p. "Sunbeam" car, the property of Mr. J. E. Grafton, of Bombay, which has done over 30,000 miles on Indian roads, and is running to-day as well as ever.

W. W.

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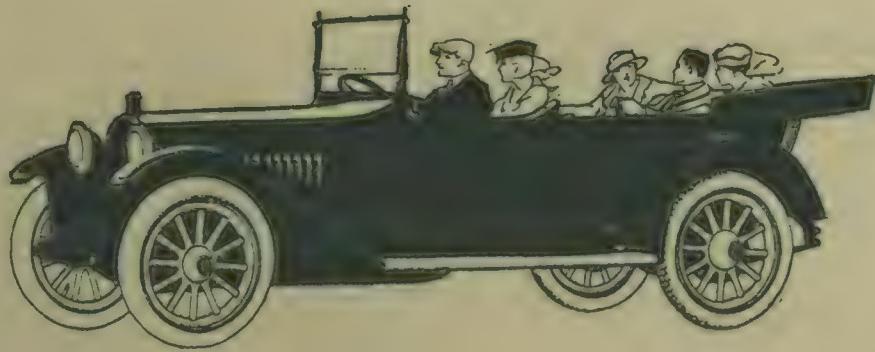
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LADIES' PAGE.

THE illustration in this Journal the other week of the funeral of the mother of the present Sultan of Egypt reminded me of a record on my notes of a party at which this same lady presided some forty years ago! It was an unusual party then, almost unheard of; and, it is to be feared, would still be found a very rare sort of event in Egypt. Yet it was merely a mixed party of young ladies and gentlemen, all nearly related, such as is to us a normal social occurrence; but in Egypt it was (and would be now) almost revolutionary. The then Khedive Ismail, whose second son is the present ruler of Egypt, made, in his day, a brave attempt to begin to enlighten the women of his country. He gave his eldest daughter an English governess, and it is she who tells how she went to visit her pupil at the house of the then Prince Hussein (now the Sultan, who was then already married, though he was only about twenty-one), and found a mixed party of young people there; and they were chaperoned in this very unusual meeting together by "the mother of Hussein Pasha"—the Princess who has just died. "She lived with her son, and was therefore the mistress of his house. She did not speak French, nor adopt European customs, but she kindly urged me to stay." Then the governess says how good an influence upon her pupil was produced by staying with her brother and sister-in-law, the present Sultan and his wife. "She had heard her brother, Prince Hussein, express his great satisfaction that his father had bestowed upon him an educated wife, instead of a mere doll," and this aroused the emulation of the young Princess, and made her attend to her lessons. "Princess Hussein," the governess continues, "was a very amiable, agreeable person. She spoke French very well, and read a great deal." She adds that one of the party, Prince Tewfik, to show her that he understood English, "took up a copy of *The Illustrated London News* which lay on the table and read aloud a long paragraph." It is, I think, interesting to know that the Egyptian Prince now charged with the affairs of his country was so early in his life appreciative of education in women, and able to influence his conservative Mohammedan mother to aid and abet him in giving his wife a little freedom. How many changes did that Princess live to see before her funeral last month—but not much improvement in the position of her fellow-countrywomen! Her son, now the ruler of Egypt, is still only about sixty-two, and may yet reign long enough, after peace is restored, to help on in some degree the poor secluded and neglected women of Egypt—the reform which Lord Cromer, in his final report, urged as the most deeply needed now for Egypt's progress.

Wool clothing is a necessity in our climate, and it is unfortunately dear this winter. The Government, very rightly, has "commandeered" the supply of raw material, and the weaving-factories as far as necessary, to clothe every soldier in the field with wool undergarments; and to this foresight the remarkable average of good health in



A COAT-DRESS OF BOTTLE-GREEN CLOTH.

This one-piece gown made of bottle-green cloth has a collar and pockets made of a darker tone of green velvet. The row of tiny buttons down the front are made of steel.

the Army is largely attributed. The well-known Wolsey underwear has been supplied to the troops in literally millions of garments. Nevertheless, the manufacturers have managed to keep up the supply for the general public, and the rush for these admirable woven articles of wear, the most popular brand in the world, can be now met successfully everywhere. The shaping and workmanship are good, and the purity and non-shrinking of the wool is guaranteed, so it is fortunate that Wolsey garments can be still obtained at all drapers', and outfitting shops.

Millinery is delightfully simple; in fact, it was never so untrammelled. The shape of a nice hat is the most important point—I do not mean the form, but the foundation. Velour is first favourite for shapes, and is supplied in the richest and yet most refined colourings. A band of plain or corded ribbon passes round the crown, and there is almost invariably no other trimming save and except one not very large ornament, usually set at the exact front. Those ornaments are certainly, on good millinery, very handsome and original, and rather costly; it is the one feature about the hat that gives any *cachet* and distinctiveness. Bead ornaments, made in very fine and many-coloured beads, are much liked; some are flat, resting against the hat, others formed like open roses, or other flowers. Attractive ornaments are of tiny feathers made up into rosettes or various shapes, and giving great richness of colour in small compass; others again are built of stamped or cut shiny-coloured or suede leather. Buckles of metal, copper especially, fill the need in some cases. "Toosie" and indescribable twists, bows, and ends of ribbon set narrow and high like aigrettes, adorn other shapes. Tiny heckle or ostrich-feather aigrettes or quills in bunches are used, and sometimes these are set on an angle of the felt or velour or velvet shape, standing out at one or both sides away from the head, but always strictly kept small. Then fur, the peculiar fancy of the moment as trimming on frocks, appears also in bands or pom-poms on the hats. The main point is that every trimming is small, and though, perhaps, rich in colour, still is not very obtrusive.

The hats themselves are of the most varied forms; for the tiny close-fitting shapes that we have grown accustomed to are worn in turn with much wider and larger shapes, according to what is most becoming. Big shapes generally are the more "dressy." Round crowns in velvet with pill-box brims, and other high, irregularly shaped velvet crowns, of the Tam-o'-Shanter or French *béret* type, are equally good style. Another shape much exploited is the tricorn, which suits many faces admirably, and is adequately trimmed with a stiff cockade of brush-like feathers, or a twisted, upright velvet bow and ends. Many wide sailors are also shown, and it makes for becomingness when the under-brim is lined with a different colour from the top, as, for example, a black felt or velvet crown with flesh pink or white lining to the brim. The simplicity of the one ornament redeems any touch of vividness in these contrasts.

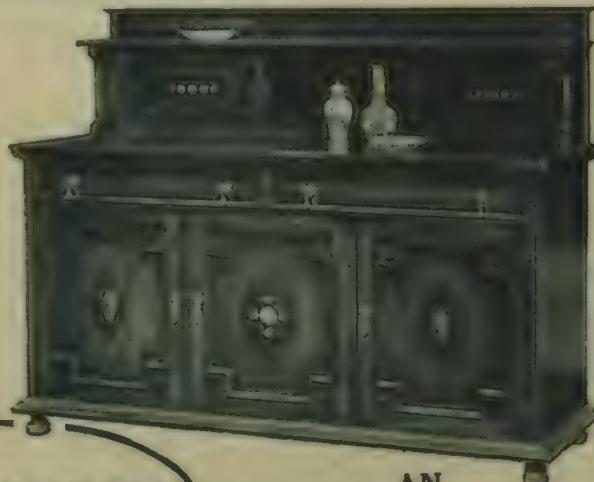
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NEW NOVELS.

"Damaris." There is something missing, some elision in "Damaris" (Hutchinson), by Lucas Malet, which makes its story baffling to the reader. Either the writer has failed, for reasons not to be

the "unseen intelligence" in this novel; and, though finely written and interesting, it remains disconnected, and even disappointing.

"Fondie." Mr. Edward C. Booth's work in "The Cliff End" has already marked him out as a novelist who is not afraid to take the greater issues of life and handle them with a strong hand. In "Fondie" (Duckworth) his sure touch is made more plain. He is deliberate and humorous, and unfaltering. This rebellion of Blanche Bellwood — for, in spite of the title, it is the figure of the foredoomed Blanche that dominates

penalty. And there is the hesitating, gifted, gentle Fondie, who could have saved her! A weaker author would have settled it that way, and would, too, probably have eschewed all that Mr. Booth gives us of Fondie's life in detail in the early chapters of the book. Here Blanche's creator runs risks; because it is not easy to perceive that the details are not redundant until the story is half over, and there are faint-hearted people in plenty who will either skip, or give it up before Part II. begins. Compression would be a charity to them; and would, we think, enable Mr. Booth to do himself more justice than the method of Part I. of "Fondie" permits.

It is good to know that, despite the unprecedented scale upon which war is being waged, the comforts and conveniences with which an army in the field-to-day may be supplied are equally unprecedented. Imagine five million letters being posted from the front every week—a record mail which is largely due to the modern invention of the fountain-pen. "Soldiers and sailors and their friends represent the biggest buyers of pens at the present time," say the makers of the "Swan" Fount Pen; and, although the cost of manufacture has increased, the rise is more than counterbalanced by the increased demand. The

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A BROKEN-DOWN AMBULANCE ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

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known, to gather in all the threads on the psychological side, or her original intention suffered a modification while she was elaborating it. Damaris, the wise child, might have been expected to be the pivot of Mrs. Pereira's career—Damaris, wise in her innocence of evil. But was she? It rather looks as if Imogen Hobday, vulgar and malicious, were the more direct instrument of decision. The demoniac power of "an intelligence at once sexless and licentious, a pander to blind infatuous impulses and unholy desires" is brought into prominence now and again, only to be allowed to slip perplexingly into the background at what would appear to be the crucial moment. The spirit of the zenana, with all that implies, undoubtedly dominates Mrs. Pereira in one of her phases; but the phase leads nowhere in particular. All this makes "Damaris" an interesting problem; but not quite, we think, as Lucas Malet meant it to be. Not in this Anglo-Indian tale, in spite of all its weird potentialities, is to be found the sustained achievement of "Colonel Enderby's Wife," although it stresses the effect of invisible influences. Everyone who has been in India knows its tales of houses haunted by beings of malignant purpose, and nobody could have handled their subtlety better, we should have thought, than Lucas Malet. But she has not come to real grips with

the interest of Fondie's story: this facile descent of Blanche, by way of penny novelettes and cracker jewellery to suicide, proceeds with the measured step of tragedy. The contrast is really rather terrific. Blanche leaving the family stockings unmentionable, climbing walls, eating sweets in church, sky-larking in the train on her way to day school, is not to be tamed by any evolution from maiden to wife, or youth to desiccated middle-age. Her harum-scarum defiance of law and order evokes sentence of death, the extreme



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: TAKING UP BOARDING FOR THE BOTTOM OF TRENCHES.

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satisfactory result is that the price of "Swan" pens has not been raised. Those only who have seen for themselves the arrival of the post in the actual fighting area know all that it means.

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LITERATURE.

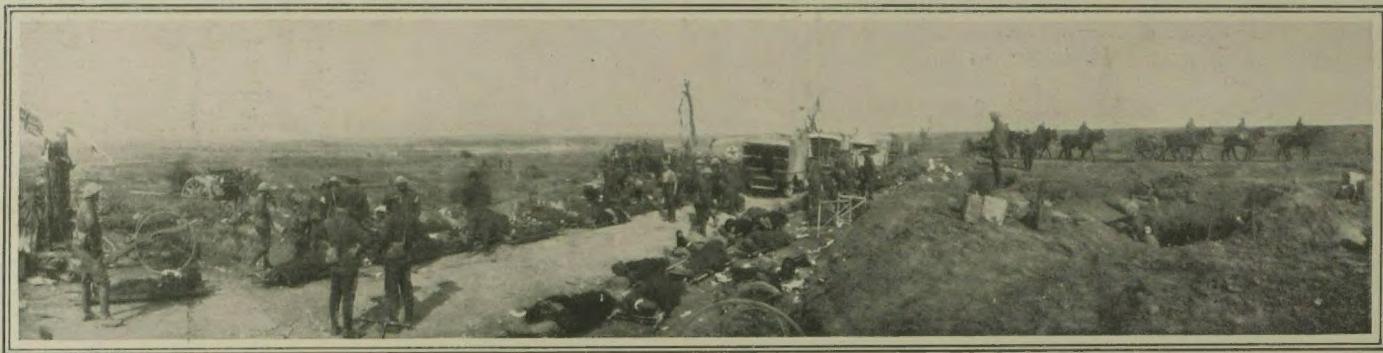
Cossack
Fairy Tales.

The Cossacks are now our Allies, fighting for the same cause as our own troops, and it is right that we should know something of their folk-lore, and that their fairy stories should find an honoured place on the shelves of British nurseries. This by way of introduction to a handsome new book, "Cossack Fairy Tales," and Folk Tales, selected, edited, and translated by R. Nisbet Bain, illustrated by Noel L. Nisbet (George G. Harrap). It is a companion volume to "Russian Fairy Tales," by the same author and illustrator, and it ought to prove equally popular. The original stories were written in Ruthenian, the dialect of the Cossacks, a Slavonic language inter-

possessed of magic powers; but the spirit and atmosphere are fresh, and there are many details and incidents peculiar to the land of their origin. These new elements will make a welcome change for little readers anxious for fresh adventures in fairyland. In one case, the story called "The Old Dog," one recognises an ancient favourite that appears in Grimm under the title of "Old Sultan and His Friends." The rest of the tales open up quite new ground. "The Origin of the Mole" recalls Hawker's legend of "The First Cornish Mole," but only by way of contrast; for in the first case a human being is turned into a mole as a punishment for avarice, in the second case for vanity. The illustrations to "Cossack Fairy Tales" include several fine colour-plates and other full-page drawings in black-and-white.

that they will do so shadows the enlivening story told in Boyd Cable's pages, in which his clever, graphic pen touches the most prosaic of home war-work with something of the enthusiasm and nobility of the battlefield. We have got a "drive" on. The old men are "doing their bit," the women (in the words of a foreman) "knock bottom oot o' t' men," and every beast is impressed for the work, even "Jenkins' Galloping Horses"! It is a heartening message to the Front—and Fritz Boche, too, may read it and take warning.

"The Irish Rebellion of 1916." Mr. John F. Boyle has undoubtedly chosen the right way of writing about "The Irish Rebellion of 1916" (Constable). His volume is not criticism, controversy, or even to any great extent comment, but simply a



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A SCENE NEAR GUILLEMONT ON SEPTEMBER 15.

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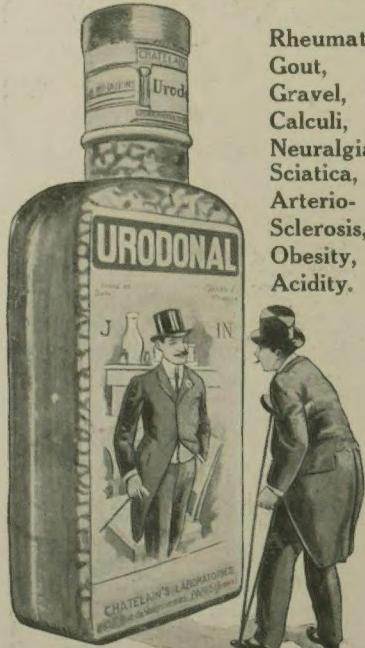
mediate between Russian and Polish. Their place of origin, the editor tells us, is "that vast plain which lies between the Carpathians, the watershed of the Dnieper, and the Sea of Azov, with Lemberg and Kiev for its chief intellectual centres. Though it—i.e., the Ruthenian language—has been rigorously repressed by the Russian Government, it is still spoken by more than twenty millions of people. It possesses a noble literature, numerous folksongs, not inferior even to those of Serbia, and . . . a copious collection of justly admired folk-tales." The present volume is believed to be the first translation ever made from Ruthenian into English. To judge by results, without the means of considering its accuracy, the work has been extremely well done, for it is given in a bright and easy style very readable for children. The tales themselves are on familiar fairyland lines, with talking animals, wonder-working objects, and strange beings

"Doing Their Bit" (Hodder and Stoughton) is written by one who has been at the front, to hearten those who are still there, and to urge on war-workers at home to even greater industry and devotion. The author, Boyd Cable, has known the bitter experience of being pounded in the trenches, yet impotent to retaliate in kind for lack of a sufficiency of shells. Since then he has been permitted to tour our munition-works, and from what he has seen he sends to our gallant fellows in France (and in all our other lines) this assurance: "We are never going to be short of munitions again; spend them as fast and hot and heavy as we can, the workshops can make faster than the Front can use; and the longer the War runs the more completely we shall be armed and equipped to wage it." There is an "if," indeed—"if the war-workers continue to play up." But little or no doubt

record of the facts. Perhaps it would be better to say a record of the facts so far as they are known, because behind all that official documents and the descriptions of special correspondents have revealed there lies something that has not yet emerged, and that never will emerge for the reason that it is of the nature of things that vanish at the touch of precise definition. An orderly and lucid account of the sequence of events after Easter Monday morning Mr. Boyle's pages give us. He has been extremely industrious to present us with this excellent review so quickly. But this promptness really heightens the impression of unreality which the whole affair creates in our mind. Every step in it seems so inconsequential and accidental. The motives (so vaguely idealistic) and the machinery (at once well considered and ill adjusted) appear divorced. In a word, Irish—and the tragic, no less than the comical, trouble is that we can define it no more nearly than that.

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PREMATURE OLD AGE.

PROF. FLEURY (of the Paris Faculty of Medicine) in the course of a communication to his colleagues described some of the symptoms of premature old age, viz.: dyspepsia, constipation, lassitude, insomnia at night and drowsiness during the day, numbness at the back of the neck, headache, cramp, obesity, heart trouble, sudden rise followed by rapid fall of temperature, kidney trouble, loss of memory, lack of determination in action and general want of tone, &c.

He stated that close investigation of such cases had shown that in 165 out of 201 (i.e., 82%) there was a marked excess of uric acid, this being quite sufficient to cause a man to look prematurely aged. Nevertheless it is consoling to know that this mischievous body poison can be easily and rapidly dissolved and eliminated by the powerful uric acid solvent called URODONAL.

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Académie des Sciences
(Paris, June 28, 1909)
Académie de Médecine
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Why exercises, massage, creams, prescriptions, apparatus, appliances, and similar methods can never develop the bust.

No longer need any woman suffer the humiliation of a flat, scraggy chest, nor endure the thoughtless shafts of ridicule or pity which pierce the hearts of those unfortunate members of her sex who lack that distinguishing and essential hall-mark of perfect feminine beauty—a Perfect Bust. For fifteen years I vainly longed for the alluring attraction that Nature had denied me, and the last of my vain efforts was to find some other attraction I possessed.

With the exception of one other attraction I possessed, I foolishly and vainly tried worthless and harmful pills and medicines, also massage, creams, exercises, vacuum appliances, apparatus, electricity, prescriptions, and everything else I had ever heard of, but only harm resulted, so I was finally obliged to give up in despair, and conclude that my condition was hopeless and must be due to hereditary causes, like being too tall or too short.

The miracle-working discovery which finally released me from this condition was purely accidental, and one which I shall never cease to regard as providential. A dull, tired, listless, lame girl and bright again. I felt like a butterfly newly burst from its cocoon. In a single month my busts were developed six inches, the hollows in my cheeks, neck, chest, and shoulders were quite filled out and made miraculously smooth, graceful, and fascinating in contour. From a flat-chested, imperfect, angular, and masculine appearing member of my sex, I was transformed into the full-bosomed and sublime perfection of ideal womanhood. I neither need nor desire the slightest profit for explaining to others the method that did so much for me, and am loath to believe it will sell, this offer being prompted by gratitude alone.

I found that the breasts being the only organs in the human body which lie idle and out of use the greater part of one's lifetime, they positively can never be developed by treating them as though they were simpler muscles or other organs in use daily with regular and constant functions to perform. I firmly believe that the new and radically different method of development which I discovered is the only one in existence which takes this fact into consideration, and the utter failure of all the other methods.

NOTE.—On referring this new method of bust development to Dr. Colonna, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, for a distinguished opinion of its efficacy, his report is as follows: "No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in this treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust." In view of this praise from the highest medical authority, rendered after careful examination of the treatment, there can be no cause for hesitation in recommending it to every reader who requires anything of the kind.



These photographs show more plainly than any words how an angular masculine figure may now be quickly transformed to one of beautiful curves by means of the new method explained in this article.

It is impossible to write a personal letter in reply to each. I have therefore decided to have a full description of my method published in the form of a small booklet, and to offer distribution to any ladies sufficiently interested to send me two penny stamps for postage expenses. I have nearly a thousand of these booklets left. And this offer is made in the belief that they may prove of interest to the general public, as well as to my personal acquaintances. Simply send your name and address to Marguerite Merlin (85 D) Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., and while they last a regular copy of my booklet will be sent you by return post, sealed and in plain wrappings. Send me no money, for I have nothing to sell, and that is not my object in consenting to have this article published.

NOTE.—On referring this new method of bust development to Dr. Colonna, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, for a distinguished opinion of its efficacy, his report is as follows: "No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in this treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust." In view of this praise from the highest medical authority, rendered after careful examination of the treatment, there can be no cause for hesitation in recommending it to every reader who requires anything of the kind.

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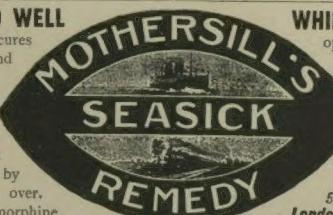
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DRURY LANE is itself again with an autumn drama that outdoes former Lane dramas in sensational effects. It is the penalty Mr. Arthur Collins has to pay for past successes that he must eclipse them with every fresh enterprise, and he has gallantly risen to the occasion in "The Best of Luck." That ride for life which the heroine makes to escape her enemy's motor-car, dashing over the plane which serves in place of a broken bridge, has a culmination that is hair-raising enough to satisfy the most exacting sensation-lover. You see the lights of the motor-car as it starts its descent from the hill, you watch its rush downwards, and then comes the scene of ruin as, heading for the bridge no longer performing its office, the car plunges into the ravine. The hero has his turn too, fighting at the bottom of the sea to recover treasure, and cutting the villain's air-pipe just in time. These are the two things which will bring crowds to Drury Lane, and Miss Madge Titheradge and Mr. Langhorne Burton play heroine and hero to everybody's satisfaction. But important members of the company are also Mr. Hallard and Mr. Robert Hale. The latter's vitality does wonders for the comic side of the drama; and Mr. Hallard lavishes so much art and care for detail on his portrait of an ex-President of a Latin-American State that you feel almost sorry for the rascal's fate.

"MR. JUBILEE DRAX." AT THE HAYMARKET.

If you say "On Trial," you will readily grasp what Mr. H. A. Vachell and Mr. Walter Hackett are at in their new stage-tale of adventure, "Mr. Jubilee Drax," and may find that this second attempt at retrospective drama does not come off quite so well as the first, either as surprise or series of thrills. Authors should have their plot extremely

well in hand before they can without risk shift their scene in mid-action now to this distant place, now to that, thereby putting back the clock and adding new characters to their cast. There is the likelihood of loose ends, and playgoers who watch this exciting story of crooks and a blud diamond, and the various hiding-places in which honest Drax stowed it for safety, could easily pose Mr. Vachell and his colleague with half-a-dozen queries as to details which they could not answer. The illustrative episodes, to tell the truth, grow wearisome from their number, and are not all equally telling. There is genuine picturesqueness in the Constantinople episode, and it introduces us to a villainous old

cutting diamond. No less happy a contrast, though the persons they represent are never brought into contact, is furnished by the manner of Mr. Paul Arthur as the alert American who commissions the search for the diamond, and Mr. Swete as the Levantine. A remarkably full-blooded and clever study of the Oriental, Mr. Swete's.

There should be ready purchasers of "The March of the Anzacs," by M. Stratford-Andrews, a spirited composition dedicated to Lieut.-General Sir William R. Birdwood, D.S.O., and the Anzacs. It is published by Messrs. Weekes and Co., 14, Hanover Street, W., and all the profits will be given to the Australian Branch of the British Red Cross Society. It costs only 1s. 6d., and is scored for orchestra and military band.

The Great Eastern Railway Company has had under consideration the important question of the development of the egg and poultry industry in the Eastern Counties, and it has been decided to run an Egg and Poultry Demonstration Train throughout Norfolk and Suffolk, commencing on the 9th inst. The idea will be highly appreciated by all who are interested in agriculture and the development of food production at home. The educational authorities in Norfolk and Suffolk have been asked to arrange to release children from eleven years and upwards



AT DINNER: A LABOUR BATTALION ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph.

Levantine diamond-seller not above murdering his customers, whose acquaintance we should have been sorry to miss. But the Paris cabaret scene would have been very tame but for a lightning dance of two experts. Fortunately, the two chief crooks, as played by Miss Ellis Jeffreys (so easy and incisive in the cutting epigrams which fall to her part) and by M. Dawson Millward in the guise of a dull and blustering M.F.H., prove consistently amusing; while Mr. H. E. Esmond has just the light touch, the insouciance, and the French-like resourcefulness needed to make the adventurous Drax seem irresistible. When Mr. Esmond's Drax meets Miss Jeffreys' Lady Angela we have diamond

from school for a short time in the mornings in order to view the train when it is in their district. The train will consist of demonstration vehicles of models of poultry-houses and appliances, methods of hatching and rearing, egg-production, table poultry, and packages, egg-testing and grading, equipped with modern appliances. Testing and grading eggs will be demonstrated, and specimens of the classes which command the highest prices will be shown. There will be upon the train an experienced staff of demonstrators under the superintendence of Mr. Edward Brown, F.L.S., who will give lectures and information each day.

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HOW TO INSTANTLY BEAUTIFY
ANY COMPLEXION.

By GABY DESLYS, the well-known French Actress.

I have found a skin beautifier that is not a cream, a powder, a lotion, nor a liquid powder, but it combines the effects of all, and with it on your dressing-table you really need nothing else. It makes any complexion soft and beautiful WITH NO WAITING. I do not use liquid powders, for these are bad, and soon clog and stretch the pores so the skin looks coarse like orange peel; but ordinary refined Santonex is quite unlike anything else, because it never harms or "shows."

and will always remove any blemishes, leaving the skin clear and so velvety, or what you call fine texture. Never have I used anything else half so good. C'est merveilleux, and any chemist or hairdresser can supply a very good quality, the cost being but little. Another hint: never touch the complexion with plain hard water. The lime ruins any skin. Use a pinch of common Reudel Bath Salts to soften and fill the water with refreshing oxygen, and always throw a handful into the bath.

Gaby Deslys

IMPORTANT NOTE.—The London house of Virgil, the famous Parisian complexion specialist, announces that during the next fortnight they will send a large trial pot of Santonex (two in three weeks' supply) to any reader sufficiently interested to send 6d. to help defray postage and distribution expense. The address of the Maison Virgil, which specializes in compounding an extra high quality of refined Santonex, is (Dept. 244), 67-8, Belvoir Street, London, W.

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